

# *Vox Collegii*



ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE  
WHITBY, ONTARIO

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## YEARBOOK EDITOR

### THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY

Cathy O'Connor

A good yearbook editor's message would read, "It's been a great honour and pleasure to make this book...." A bad yearbook editor's message would read, "I would like to thank everybody for their help...."

But, since I'm neither good nor bad, there's only one more category - the ugly. Speaking of the good, the bad and the ugly, this year at OLC has gone quickly. We've had our good times, the chocolate cake fights and the new friends. We've had our bad times, the surprise package and the times we all got caught. We've even had some ugly times, but they were just to balance things. After all we couldn't have been happy all the time.

We've all learned something this year. Being at OLC has helped us realize what real living is like. We've learned to love and to appreciate, to cry and at times to hate. All of the events which have happened this year (at least the legal events) have been put in the yearbook. Some of you may be disappointed with it and others will love it. Personally, I think it's brilliant and should get a Nobel Prize for Literature. Please enjoy it.

At this point I'll be a good editor and say it's been an experience and at times a pleasure, but also a headache. I'll even be a bad editor and sincerely thank everyone for her help. A special thanks must go to Mrs. Hartman who has worn off all her fingers typing this book.

That's all - good luck and it certainly has been real.

TO DR. AND MRS. OSBORNE

We'd like to say a thing or two  
To show our deep regard for you.  
We hate to think that you must go,  
But we are told it must be so.  
Throughout the years you've done so much,  
And now we shall remember such:

The choir has been a great delight,  
We've sung for you with all our might.  
We sung in Chapel come what may,  
What's often come I'd best not say.

Your German classes must be joyous,  
The tales we hear! - Some quite notorious!  
The tests you give - they really move!  
Here, all the girls don't approve.

At the dances which we fling,  
You've always been there to swing, swing, swing.  
You've stopped us doing what we ought not,  
Seeking darkness, and you know what.

Mrs. Osborne, thank you too,  
For all that we have learned from you.  
You've always been the perfect hostess,  
The things you've done are really mostest.  
Your work seems to have never ceased,  
We thank you last - by no means least.

You've done so much for O.L.C.,  
A list would last to eternity.  
For 20 years of service true,  
We dedicate this book to you.

With Love - O.L.C.  
1948 - 1968.

## MESSAGE FROM THE DEAN

To the students of O.L.C., especially those who are leaving.

As you come to the end of your school life most of you will be experiencing two emotions - regret and expectation. The regret will be for a phase of your life that is over; for friends from whom you will soon be parted; and, perhaps, for neglected opportunities. The expectation will be for your entry into the world of business, or University life, or training institution. You will be looking forward to making new friends, learning new skills, and widening your horizons.

Life today has much to offer young people - a great variety of jobs, opportunities for service in other lands, and challenging vocations here in Canada. It is difficult sometimes to know what career to choose, and, indeed, choice is impossible unless we have a goal.

In his book "Markings", published after his death, Dag Hammarskjöld writes: "I don't know who - or what - put the question, I don't know when it was put. I don't remember even answering. But at some moment I did answer Yes to Someone - or Something - and from that hour I was certain that existence is meaningful, and that, therefore, my life, in self-surrender, had a goal."

I hope that some of you have already discovered that existence is meaningful, and that this knowledge will provide you with the much needed goal. For those of you who are still searching for a meaning, I wish a satisfying conclusion to your search.

Whatever you decide to do, I hope you will find joy and happiness and fulfilment in the doing of it.

Dorothy Perry

## MESSAGE FROM THE PRINCIPAL

Friedrich Dürrenmatt, the famous Swiss dramatist who was born in 1921 and who won the Schiller prize for the most outstanding contribution to German drama in this generation, recently (in 1947, in fact) published a play entitled 'The Physicists'. In this play three noted physicists are brought together - Möbius, Newton and Einstein. Möbius believes that a physicist must be free, but that in our world the only place he can enjoy this freedom is in a madhouse: there, he advised all scientists to feel with him to an insane asylum. Newton maintains that one must always put himself at the service of one's country and be ready to solve the scientific problems for the sake of the defence of one's homeland. Einstein, however, is confident that one must belong to a party and must endeavour to persuade the party to support him in his work.

In a very real sense these three men are ourselves wrestling with what to do about our freedom. I have heard many voices lifting themselves up in the defence of the right to be free - mothers and fathers, sons and daughters, leaders and followers. I have heard the arguments that were extant when I was a student in high school and university. Those that are flying around today are no different than those I met then.

But there is a difference in the pattern: young people today are meeting these ideas at an earlier age than ever before, I believe, even at a time when they are scarcely able to cope with them wisely.

After twenty years at OLC, I wish to affirm my confidence, nevertheless, in the youth of today. There are a few who are baffled by this world, but the great majority of young people I meet here at OLC and elsewhere today are exercising care and patience in formulating their goals and in coming to grips with this world which is greatly in need of young men and women who have passion combined with common sense and responsibility. As far as I can see, the young people who are making the greatest and most constructive gift to life are those who are living under God: only in him is one truly free.

My good wishes go with you all. I shall follow your course into the farther 'reaches' of your future wrestling with freedom, and always with continued interest and expectation.

Stanley L. Osborne.





# FACULTY OF ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE

Mr. Hall  
Science

Rain or shine  
He's here on time!

Mr. Harman  
Math.

"Just....just close it!  
You know your weakness."

Miss Saunders  
History

"Well, nothing's ever fair!!"  
"I'll throw something!!"

Mr. Terry  
Math.

Philosophy on life:  
Learn to change the things that can be  
changed;  
Learn to accept the things that can't be  
changed;  
And hope you have the wisdom to know the  
difference.

Miss Nash  
Hist. & Geog.

"Now, CLASS, settle down!"

Mrs. Brooks  
Eng. & French

"What's on what you humourously refer  
to as your mind?"

Mrs. Holly  
Latin & French

Oh how I love my Latin,  
It fills my heart with glee  
I should have been with Caesar,  
I think he needed me!

Mrs. Hallpike  
Eng. & Phys. Ed.  
"You people never cease to  
amaze me!"





## HEAD GIRL'S MESSAGE

- Janet Marshall.

O. L. C., our Alma Mater, to me represents a group of girls from various parts of Canada and distant countries who have lived together for only a short period of time, just a passing moment among the many events which are yet to come in our lives. Together we have had many experiences, some sad and heartbreaking but many more rewarding ones which make the others seem not so bad after all.

The year has gone by quickly; yet we still have memories. Each one of us can look back and recall the many highlights of the year; **the excitement** before a dance, the anxiety before exams, general **week-ends** and of course the inspiring evenings spent at the local theatre.

Living together as we have I feel that we've learned many things, especially patience and tolerance in regard to our fellow classmates.

As head girl this year, I have enjoyed my duties and responsibilities and I would like to thank Dr. & Mrs. Osborne whose guidance I have appreciated very much.

And now each one of us will be stepping up to a new year. hereat O.L.C. or elsewhere. I would like to wish each one of you a happy and prosperous future, wherever you go.

## PREFECTS AND REPRESENTATIVES

Cathy O'Connor

Special mention should be given to our very noble Prefects and representatives. The Prefects this year have done their job well. Susan Watson governed Grade 9 hall and we're happy to report that she is still clinging to her sanity. Linda Honer aided the Grade 10's as they hopscotched their way in and out of trouble all year. Kathy Billingsley did her utmost to control the Grade 11's but they are, and always will be brazen hussies, As for Margaret Coleman, **she cleaned up a lot this year** (in more ways than one) and she **will always be remembered by the Grade 12's** for her Maharashi wisdoms, **her popcorn and for herself**. Last but not least, Janet Marshall, Head Girl (**alias The Cheese**) has worked hard trying to keep everyone happy, and **informed with her noon announcements**.

Now - the Representatives. The A.A. under the direction of Debbie Landy has kept everyone physically fit all year. The S.C.M. run by Mary McWhir worked hard with the bazaar and oysters. Finally, the Year Book Rep., Cathy O'Connor who the doctor predicts will have a nervous breakdown if this book isn't out on time - has tried to make this years' Year Book the best one ever put out.



## CARTER HOUSE

Cathy O'Connor

"We're for Carter House!  
We're for Carter House!  
The best house in the school!  
We sure are the best,  
We always beat the rest,  
And we go by all of the rules."

We may be kidding ourselves about the last two lines of our cheer but - who's perfect? Carter girls have tried very hard and have certainly had the enthusiasm and school spirit that is so very important at O.L.C. Inter house activities are a major part of our world at O.L.C. and it is up to each girl to do her share. In order to receive prizes we must give the others some stiff competition and that's exactly what we've done.

We came out on top in some sports - volleyball and basketball but we wanted to be fair and so we let the other houses win the Swim Meet and Winter Carnival and the Tiger each week.

In the Spelling Bee Janet Eligh held out to the end and added another star to Carter's glory. In the festival of plays - our comedy was a lot of fun and Marg Godefroy won the award for best supporting actress.

I would like to thank each of my girls (I almost sound matronly) for all their help, their keenness and most of all for their fun. A special thanks to Lea Dane, my very efficient sub-captain, without whose help Carter couldn't line up as straight as she does. Goodbye to all of you and always keep your red tie clean.



## FAREWELL HOUSE

Mary James

Selection from Farewell's Hit Parade.

Hush, hush, sweet Farewell,  
Farewell don't you cry -  
Hush, hush, sweet Farewell,  
We'll win this or we'll die.

Janet and I are looking back on a busy, happy year for Farewell that both of us have enjoyed.

What a challenge to arrange nineteen bodies of different shapes and sizes into a uniform, straight line three times every day; or to hunt up six or eight bodies anytime for badminton, volleyball, basketball, decorating, acting, swimming, merchandising, organizing, cheering, building snowmen, spelling or tobogganing!

Now -- our triumphs and defeats. We were all very proud of Eileen Malabre, who was named the best actress for her splendid performance as Elizabeth the Queen in "A Knife to Thy Throat" - Farewell's play! We had a lot of fun producing it.

In November we enjoyed making and selling articles for the S. C. M. bazaar and to which Farewell contributed the most among the houses for our proceeds.

The Farewell girls also distinguished themselves by winning the Spelling Bee in January, by placing second in the Winter Carnival and also second in the Swim Meet.

The Juniors came second in basketball and third in volleyball. The Seniors placed second in basketball. But we do not wish to discuss the results of the Senior volleyball.

Still, we have accomplished a great deal this year and all the girls who have played and loafed on behalf of Farewell I am sure have enjoyed being together.

It has been a fun year for Farewell and I've loved living





## HARE HOUSE

Indra Ramcharan

Beyond the banks of O. L. C.  
There is a team called Hare House,  
And the kids there are full of spirit,  
You can tell it by their cry!  
They fight to win, they win to conquer,  
So come on team, let's try, try, try,  
Come back all covered with the glory,  
The glory of Hare House!!!

This year Hare House certainly did try and in several cases was successful. In the Swim Meet and the Winter Carnival we came first and in the Festival of Plays Hare's "Sorry, Wrong Number" won the prize for the best set and design.

But in sports, although we had a good cheering squad and lots of fighting spirit, we were not too successful!

To all the Hare House members and especially to my sub-captain Jane Allen I would like to say "thank you" for your spirit and co-operation. Best of luck to all of you, wherever you may go!



## MAXWELL HOUSE - THE THINK TEAM!

Judith Giesking

This year, Maxwell house spirit has been at its peak. Perhaps it all started with the festival of plays when our play "Two Sides of Darkness", won the award for the best production. Our play was certainly not smooth going all the way! The night before the play our costumes turned to a "beautiful" orange, when they were supposed to be shades of grey. One of our actresses Sonja Oset had fallen out of a tree the week before and had sprained her ankle. However she did make her appearance and won honourable mention as best supporting actress.

In Volleyball and Badminton, Maxwell shone in ability but at the Swim Meet we came "first to the last!" We all had fun and our cheers were as loud as ever.

The Winter Carnival was MAXWELL all the way with our "Think Team" theme song.

I would like to thank Joanne Benjamin, Maxwell's sub-captain for all of her help and advice and to all Maxwell-ites, thank you for such a "spiritfull" year.



## THE GRADUATES



JOANNE BENJAMIN - Green Acres Estate,  
Devonshire, Bermuda.

This has been quite a busy year for Joanne. Her duties as Maxwell's sub-captain and her gymnastic activities have kept her hopping. However she is a loyal worker and once in a while does her homework! Next year Joanne is off to McGill University where she will take Chemistry. Lots luck Benjie!



KATHY BILLINGSLEY - 737 Dundas Highway E.,  
Cooksville, Ontario.

Kathy has graced the Grade 11's with her magnanimous presence on Upper Francis as their loyal and most gracious Prefect. The atmosphere around here is usually filled with tumultuous laughter and a continuous flare of in-jokes! Anything to say in Quaker, Kath? What this girl will do next year is a question. Perhaps she'll attend Ryerson or maybe she'll be an airline stewardess. Whatever she does - she will do it well!



JOANNE CARROLL - 178 Catharine St.,  
Port Colborne, Ontario.

Jody of the Jungle, powerhouse of the Soprano section, has added a lot to our fun this year. And though life has had its ups and Downs, and hot chocolates, I think it's been pretty exciting for her too. Jody plans to go on to Secretarial Science next year, but we think she'd make an excellent Home Ec. or Spelling teacher. But hark! I hear a cry in the distance, now it's getting closer, "Joanne Carroll, Joanne Carroll! Where is Joanne Carroll?"



PO YEE CHAN - 98 Kennedy Road, Hong Kong.  
Po Yee came to us from the other side of the world. Her keenness and application enabled her to be promoted from Gr. XII at Christmas and to complete Grade XIII in June. Bravo! Several of her friends, on learning of her success, are coming to us from Hong Kong next year.



LUCILLE CHAPMAN - 39 St. George St.,  
Pickering, Ontario.

Lucille studiously avoids Mrs. Osborne en route to her music practices each morning. As a day girl she finds great pleasure in volleyball, basketball and badminton. She also was a great inspiration to our club swinging. Her biggest joy came in discovering the contrasting colours of Mr. Bedford's shirts and ties. She spends much time devoted to her studies and having sustained 5 years at OLC we hope she can adapt to living elsewhere.



JOAN CHILD - 605 Coleraine Dr., Renfrew, Ont.  
The "crying shoulder" of Grade 13, her favourite pastime is murdering conversational phrases - "Louder baby, louder??" A born nurse who doesn't even faint at the sight of blood, she will enter Kingston General next year. She is neat, plays the piano and has a gentle disposition. All in all she should make a good catch for some lucky guy!



MARGARET COLEMAN - Box 206, Carleton Place,  
Ontario.

Margaret has graced the hallowed halls of OLC for the past three years. She has been S. C. M. representative this year (holds the post of Grade XII Prefect, and what a post to hold!). No one who knew Marg could say that she starved. If she wasn't satisfied at her table there'd always be room at Marg's Diner on Lower Fran for freshly popped popcorn or warm buns and honey-happy heartburn!! Marg has used her own judgement in deciding her future. Next year we'll see her at Kingston General. Good luck Marg!

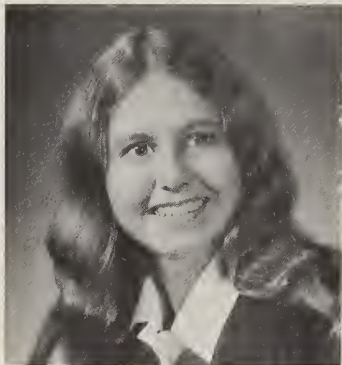


JANET ELIGH - 133 Broadway Ave., Ottawa, Ont.  
This five feet of dynamite hails from Ottawa. She is the shortest of the Grade III'ers, but she certainly livens up the hall with her cheerful laughter and frolicsome pranks which include putting crackers in beds, pulling beds apart and scaring people. The hall will be quiet without her next year but I'm sure she will bring joy to the halls of Kingston General Hospital.



MARGARET GODEFROY - 134 Lawton Blvd.,  
Apt. 304, Toronto 7, Ontario.

Some people have absolute phobias and Marg is no exception. I mean...who can tolerate unexpected fire drills...late buses from London...cold winter air...or afternoons at the Art Gallery!! But best of all Marg is known for her amendments to the OLC rule book which she lived by all year. BRAVO! my esteemed partner in crime!



EVELYN HERTZBERG - Dunbarton, Ontario.

Eve is one of our 'esteemed' day girls who although she has attended only half the classes this year has acquired quite a bit of knowledge. Eve has an ardent desire to learn and a great love of OLC. During her 5 yrs. as a student she has exerted herself in both gymnastics and music. Next year she will attend York University where we hope she will find success, happiness and satisfaction.



LINDA HONER - 2256 Westman Rd., Clarkson, Ont. There is never a dull moment when this "old girl" of two years standing is around. She is a good organizer, especially of time as anyone can see by her busy schedule. Apart from helping to make up the "bulk" of the contraltos in our melodious choir, she sews and is an avid reader. She is the Prefect for the Grade 10's but dreads "doing lines" because "they're all straight but everyone can't go first!" Linda has two main plans for next year: to attend Lake Shore Teachers' College where she will become a kindergarten teacher and to cut down on all those P.B.C.'s.



EILEEN MALABRE - The Demerara Bauxite Co.,  
Mackenzie, British Guiana.

Action...bright light...action...2 a.m. raids...  
action...light's on past 11 p.m...action...funny  
faces...action...3:30 strolls in the fresh air...  
action...holiday review, review etc...action...  
Bonnie and Clyde...action...walking Toronto...  
action...fire drill...action...P.J. camouflage...  
action...tea...action...The Judge's curtsy!...  
action...Vienna. She will conquer that too...  
parting is such SWEET sorrow!





JANET MARSHALL - Box 42, Stoney Creek, Ont.

"As head of the Student's Council..." Janet Marshall (alias Carb) has been very busy this year, what with those late Prefect meetings, and weekly visits from that special fellow! The duties of the Head Girl are many - they range from picking pumpkins to painting candy-canes for the Semi. We certainly can't forget her rendition of "Bottle of Wine" at the Christmas show! Janet's enthusiasm and dedication with which she has led the students of OLC has made the year the great success that it has been. After graduation she plans to enter a faculty of medicine at the University of Toronto. Best of luck, Janet.



JANE ROWLAND - 322 Binscarth Road, Toronto 4, Ontario.

Jane, the raccoon-clad lass, who first graced our halls in November is most likely to be the Liberace of OLC. She can be found at the piano anytime during the day. With an unlimited talent for knitting and sewing, she created a knitting craze at OLC. She also has a mania for Friday night bus rides to Toronto and daily walks in the fresh winter air. Next year she hopes to continue her music at Banff. Good luck to you Jane; we're all looking forward to your first concert at OLC.



MARY JO SCHAUSS - 100 Columbia St., Waterloo, Ontario.

Mary Jo, better known as Shoosy, is a one year student. But within that one year she has made a lasting impression (good, of course!). Her activities range from volleyball to basketball, to Queen of the Semi, to LAKEFIELD (namely A.B.) to choir and exercises. She hopes to be "flying high" some day as an airline stewardess. Rotsa Ruck!



ANGELA SWAN - Ewing St., Hamilton, Bermuda. Angels tells us that she has lost the will to live and intends to sleep on the weekends! She is an avid supporter of the C.P. and reaches her heights of happiness when looking for the capital cities of the United States. Dancing is one of her fortes and she manages to thoroughly shock Grade 13 with her Sophisticated Sissy and African Twist. Our dear black Swan will continue to float down the Bermudian waterways beneath beige skies.



SUE WATSON - 2 Hudson Court, Peterborough, Ont. Sue put in three years at OLC and in her final year was chosen to be Mrs. Tucker's little helper as Grade nine Prefect. Besides helping to make up the "bulk" of the contraltos in the choir, she also takes an active part in officiating any house games. In Math class - "I can't do it until I understand it Mr. Terry." Sue has a special place in her heart for that little grass hut in Ghana and hopes to return there some day. Her latest aspiration is to be an executive secretary in the diplomatic corps!



EUGENIA YEARWOOD - St. Peter, Barbados. This is Jeannie's first time away from home and she finds the weather quite cold in comparison to sunny Barbados. We constantly hear Jeannie say - "Have you any sweets?" Basketball rates first among her favourite sports and running is second. She is quite fast unless being pursued by the opposite sex. Singing classical music or dancing through the halls, Jeannie will live in our hearts.



## GRADE NINE



BEVERLEY AKINS - 130 Flors St., Apt. 2,  
Ottawa 4, Ontario.

"Sonja - do you really mean it?"

Favourite expression - "Sick much! Ever gross!"

Favourite pastime - teaching surfing in the  
swimming pool.

Pet aversion - Roommates who crack nuts at night.

Claim to fame - "We must, we must....!"

Cherished memory - Firedrill at 6:50 a.m.

Ambition - Drill Sergeant.



PEGGY ALLEN - Box 10, Tweed, Ontario.

"What's this about Heinz being on strike?"

Favourite expression - "And the pain was tremendous."

Favourite pastime - juggling pill bottles

Pet aversion - Roommates who do rain dances

Claim to fame - her gymnastic talent

Cherished memory - The night the hot water bottle  
leaked.

Ambition - to graduate from Ridley.



FRANCI CARR - Box 121, R.R.#3, Manotick, Ont.

Prototype - Elizabethan prude

Favourite expression - "Get real, kid!"

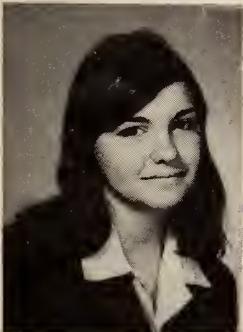
Favourite pastime - climbing the walls

Pet aversion - Dorm browners

Claim to fame - Oatmeal cookies

Cherished memory - the Great Wave from the  
bathroom.

Ambition - Housemother.



LORI CLARK - 187 Rustic Rd., Toronto 15, Ont.

Prototype - The innocent look is just a disguise,  
Mischievous lurks within her eyes!

Favourite expression - "Twelve year olds don't  
exist as far as I'm concerned."

Favourite pastime - TRYING to do gym

Pet aversion - 12 year olds.

Claim to fame - measuring tape

Ambition - a charge card at Mac's



DIANE CROWE - 595 Santa Monica Road,  
London, Ontario.

Prototype - "Look Ma, no cavities!"

Favourite expression - "Love is the ultimate trip."

Favourite pastime - playing hockey in the middle of  
the hall with her toothbrush.

Pet aversion - a dirty toothbrush

Claim to fame - the "Verushka" look

Cherished memory - the night she lost the hockey  
game.

Ambition - to make the NHL.



BETTY FERGUSON - P.O. Box 383, Sarnia, Ont.  
BEATRIGE!

Favourite expression - "Choice!"

Favourite pastime - doing flips in the gym and wind-  
ing up in the pool.

Pet aversion - Beethoven

Claim to fame - breast stroke

Cherished memory - the hot chocolate under the bed.

Ambition - to have 2 people on hand eternally; one  
to drown and one to run for help.



DEBBY FRANK - 60 Placel Rd. , Rockcliffe Park,  
Ottawa 7, Ontario.

"Where do you think you are, in a hippie zone or  
something?"

Favourite expression - "Nobody's perfect."

Favourite pastime - wearing her beautiful red tie

Claim to fame - mini-skirted uniform

Cherished memory - Give ma a C, give me an A,  
give me a T - WHOOPS

Ambition - to learn how to spell Carter.



KAREN HARMES - 80 Forest Manor Rd. , Apt. 504,  
Willowdale, Ontario.

Favourite expression - "do ah wiz!"

Favourite pastime - airing out the room

Claim to fame - dropping dust mops out windows



LYNN HOWARD - 910 Queen St. E., Toronto, Ont.  
Prototype - Benjamin Franklin  
Favourite expression - "My arms are too muscular."  
Favourite pastime - writing letters  
Pet aversion - muscular arms  
Claim to fame - Phisohex  
Ambition - to write letters without making three  
rough copies.



JOY McCOMBE - Chile Exploration Co.,  
Chuquicamata, Chile, S.A.  
Prototype - "I see stars whenever I glance up into  
your eyes."  
Favourite expression - "What's Communion?"  
Favourite pastime - waking up people who sleep on  
the bus.  
Pet aversion - hives  
Claim to fame - her nose  
Cherished memory - the night the heat didn't come on  
Ambition - to destroy all existing grapefruits.



CANDY McEWAN - 57 Marydon Cresc., Agincourt,  
Ontario.  
Prototype - Keyboard McEwan  
Favourite expression - "Thanks a million."  
Favourite pastime - playing piano  
Pet aversion - classical music  
Claim to fame - her father  
Cherished memory - the night they burned all the  
pianos.  
Ambition - piano tuner.



CATHY McRAE - Whitney, Ontario.  
Prototype - Beethoven  
Favourite expression - "How would I know!"  
Pet aversion - Orangemen  
Claim to fame - ticklish tongue  
Cherished memory - the formal  
Ambition - to make dresses that don't fall off.



MARYLYNN MENTIS - 45 Metcalfe Ave.,  
Garson, Ontario.

Prototype - ice cream cone

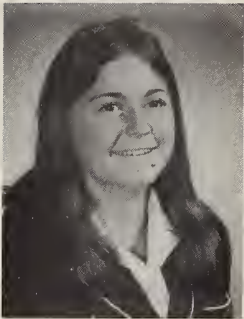
Favourite expression - "King size something or  
other!"

Pet aversion - brown eyes

Claim to fame - ability to push peanuts with her nose.

Cherished memory - peanut race down the hall

Ambition - to be rich enough to eat ice cream at  
every meal.



LINDA MERCER - 341 Silverstone Dr., Rexdale, Ont.

Prototype - Innocence

Favourite expression - "you're kidding."

Favourite pastime - riding

Pet aversion - soaked beds

Claim to fame - getting to bed on time

Cherished memory - the formal

Ambition - to grow up.



SONJA OSET - 65 Godstone #119, Willowdale, Ont.

Favourite expression - "For goodness sake!"

Favourite pastime - cracking nuts at night

Pet aversion - tree houses

Claim to fame - her knitting

Cherished memory - falling out of tree houses.

Ambition - German teacher at OLC.



LESLEY ANNE RANKIN - 264 St. George St.,  
Toronto 5, Ontario.

Favourite expression - "My Mother says."

Favourite pastime - Scotch taping hair

Claim to fame - rode the bus in classroom time

Cherished memory - escape

Ambition - "What's that?"





JANICE TISDALE - 5 Elgin Ave., Simcoe, Ont.  
Favourite expression - "O.K. Babe!"  
Favourite pastime - eating polish sausage  
Pet aversion - roommates who jump up and down  
Claim to fame - her feminine cackle  
Cherished memory - coming to O.L.C.



#### GRADE TEN

BARBARA BEACH - 27 Commanche Drive,  
Ottawa, Ontario.

"Don't cry wolf until you see one, then introduce him  
to me!"

If you hear a foghorn - don't look for Barb!



LEA DANE - 246 Evelyn Ave., Toronto, Ontario.  
"Parlez-vous francais? I don't." We are all  
wondering if Lea will ever be our first Lady Prime  
Minister. Until then she will be busy playing her-  
self and her twin sister!



CHARLENE DAY - 16 James Lane,  
St. John's, Newfoundland.

Inside class shy and demure,  
Outside class not too sure!

"Roger!" over and out!!





DEE MACBRIEN - 40 Dixington Cres., Weston, Ont.  
 "Strangers in a sunbeam"  
 Dee entertains herself with Drama, gymnastics and poetry. We wonder when she finds time for boys, but she does!



LINDSEY MITCHELL - 75 Thorncliffe Pk. Drive,  
 Apt. 1101, Toronto 17, Ontario.  
 "Did anyone get their Math?"  
 Long skirts, high boots, short skirts, red tights.  
 That's our Lindsey!



SUSIE MITTEN - P.O. Box 205, Baie Verte,  
 Newfoundland.  
 "Heard any Newfy jokes lately?"  
 Squeal, squeal goes the pig, doing her little Newfy jig!



SHIRLEY MONTEIL - 5 Ionson Blvd., Scarborough,  
 Ontario.  
 "Get out the air freshener!"  
 Life for Shirley is often described as "Rock Stone."  
 She doesn't look as if it's that bad!



KATHY SMALL - 85 Ave. Henri Martin, Paris 16e,  
France.

"My smile speaks for me!"

Kathy comes to us from France - what a way to get  
out of French class!



SUE STRAITON - 219 Balsam Dr., Oakville, Ont.

"Happiness is doing what you shouldn't."

"Up above the world so high, watch our Susan  
walking by.



JOY THOMAS - 197 Duncan Rd., Thornhill, Ont.

"Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow. Anything  
so long as it isn't today!"

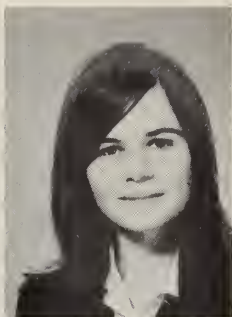
Puff, Puff the magic dragon. Okay Joy, cut it out!



DEBBIE WEST - 400 Manse Road, West Hill, Ont.

"I like a boy with a good head on my shoulder."

North, south, east, but WEST!... They'll be happy  
time..... (Deb doesn't board at OLC).



GRADE ELEVEN

BRENDA ROGERS - 2553 Proud Foot St.,  
Cooksville, Ontario.  
There's little in taking or giving....



MARGARET TYLER - 122 Robinson St., Markham,  
Ontario.  
There's little in water or wine....



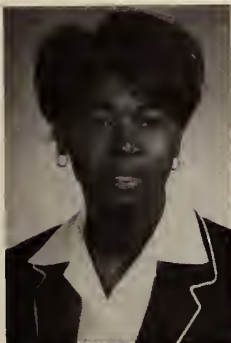
ANNE HEWITT - 10 Karachi Ave., Kingston 6,  
Jamaica.  
This living, this living, this living....



ELSIE HOFSTETTER - 1218 Cloverbrae Cr.,  
Port Credit, Ontario.  
Was never a project of mine!



KAREN McILVEEN - 45 Forest Rd., Ajax, Ont.  
Oh, hard is the struggle....



JACKIE RUBAINE - Pond Hill, Pembroke East,  
Bermuda.  
And sparse is the gain of the one at the top....



JUDY DONNELLY - 314 St. Lawrence St., Whitby.  
For art is a form of catharsis....



JANE ALLEN - Box 10, Tweed, Ont.  
And love is a permanent flop!



HELEN VAN DUSEN - 67 Dorset St. W.,  
Port Hope, Ontario.  
For work is the province of cattle....



JANET SMITH - 29 Hopperton Dr., Willowdale,  
Ontario.  
And rest's for a clam in a shell....



SHELLEY LEDGER - 17 White Oak Blvd.,  
Toronto 18, Ontario.  
So, we're thinking of throwing the battle....



MARY JAMES - R.R.#3, North Gower, Ontario.  
Will you kindly direct us to hell?





GRADE TWELVE

SUZANNE BOLAND - 42 Vivian Avenue, Montreal,  
Quebec.

Men are like cellophane - transparent but hard to  
remove once you get wrapped up in them.



JACKIE BROWNE - Devon Heights, South Shore Rd.,  
Devonshire, Bermuda.

Since the beginning of time there have been promises  
of better things to come. Here I am!



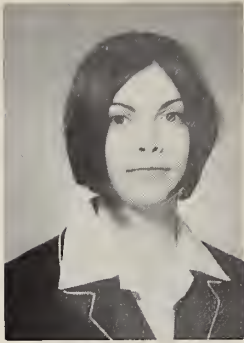
TRUDI CARR - 49 Marina Dr., Carleton Golf and  
Country Club, Manotick, Ont.

OLC's chief hand holder and darkness seeker.



MARY ANNE COLEMAN - Box 936, Murdochville,  
Quebec.

There are two ways of spreading light - to be the  
candle or the mirror that reflects it.



NANCY CROWE - 595 Santa Monica Rd. , London,  
Ontario.

Hurried and worried until we're buried, and there's  
no curtain call, Life's a funny proposition, after all.



SUSAN DAVIDSON - 57 Orchard Park Dr. , West Hill,  
Ontario.

The younger generation still has respect for old age -  
provided it's bottled!



BETH FIDDES - 39 Dufferin Rd. , Montreal 29, Que.  
I turned out to be the kind of kid my Mommy always  
warned me not to play with.



JUDY GIESKING - La Salle Towers, Apt. 907,  
20 North Shore Blvd. , Burlington, Ont.

The Lord must prefer the common man,  
That is why he created so many of them!



DEBBIE LANDY - Oceanspray, Devonshire E. ,  
Bermuda.

One recipe for romance is written on top of a  
mayonnaise bottle: "Keep cool - but don't freeze!"



ANITA LYMAN - 136 Hedgewood Drive, Moncton,  
New Brunswick.

Men are not much, but they're the best other sex  
we have!



LYNN MACLACHLAN - Box #9, Lancaster, Ont.  
"Work never killed anyone but I'm not taking any  
chances."      Quiet riot.



MARY-ANN McDOUGALL - Box 190, Gore Bay, Ont.  
"Gentlemen always seem to remember blondes."



MARY McWHIR - 40 Grasspoint Cresc., Etobicoke,  
Ontario.

"There are two sides to every argument,  
Mr. Hall's side and the right side!"



YOLANDA MIQUEL - Ahuachapan, El Salvador,  
Central America.

"I'll never learn English...it's too hard!"



LORI NEUFELD - Box 674, Clarence St., Woodbridge,  
Ontario.

Homework is mind over matter. If you don't mind it  
doesn't matter!



CATHY O'CONNOR - 862 Nora Drive, Burlington, Ont.  
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.





INDRA RAMCHARAN - Eastern Main Rd., St. Augustine,  
Trinidad.

Nowhere to go but out! Nowhere to come but back!



MARGARET REID - 48 Fallingbrook Drive,  
Scarborough, Ontario.

Cod gave man two ends; one to think with and one to  
sit on; your success depends upon which one you use  
the most!



KAREN RICHARDSON - Lakefield, Ontario.  
How far that little candle throws his beams!  
So strives a good deed in a naughty world!



NAVEED SHAHEEN SUBHANI - 29 South Kingsway,  
Toronto, Ontario.

Women of a few words are the best women.



CARMEN TAYLOR - Glebe Rd. , Pembroke E. ,  
Bermuda.

The laughter of girls isn't and never was among the  
delightful sounds of earth.



PAT WALLACE - 3509 Grey Ave. , Montreal 28,  
Quebec.

I ask nothing for myself but please dear God send  
my mother a handsome son-in-law!

## COLLEGE SONG

Dear old Trafalgar,  
Hear thou our hymn of praise.  
Hearts full of love we raise  
Proudly to thee.  
Thy splendour never falls,  
Truth dwells within thy walls,  
Thy beauty still enthralls,  
Dear O. L. C.

Through thee we honour  
Truth, virtue, loveliness.  
Thy friendships o'er possess  
Our constancy.  
Thy spirit fills us through,  
So we'll be ever true  
To our dear blue and blue  
Of O. L. C.

O! Alma Mater:  
How can we from thee part?  
Thou only hast our heart,  
Dearest of schools.  
Thy glory we shall see  
Wherever we may be,  
Still love of O. L. C.  
Our future rules.





## STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

Mary McWhir

At the S.C.M. bazaar in the fall, I had my palm read. It appears that I may look forward to three divorces, numerous offspring, one mad husband, several breakdowns, and to top it all off - a long life! I still enjoyed the bazaar though.

Thank you all for your work and co-operation. Farewell topped it off as far as proceeds were concerned. But don't worry, Farewell's hard to beat any time.

This year the S.C.M. has been supporting two foster children, Edelfo from Equador and Hong Sook from Korea. We also had a clothing drive which brought in more clothing than ever before. These clothes were sent through the "Plan" and distributed amongst families and friends of our wards. Every month we receive warm letters from them which are answered by girls here in the school. Janet Smith and Peggy Allen are dedicated to this pleasant task.

We'll never forget the slave auction! By endless bed making, shoe shining, coffee-making, and book carrying, we were able to raise money for UNICEF. The poster contest was memorable too! Farewell won the prize for the most original U.N. posters.

And of course U.N. posters meant U.N. day. That evening Jon McGee spoke to us about his travels particularly his trip to Israel. That evening we added a new word to our school jargon "Jondige" meaning "the state of being yellow with envy".

I'm sure oysters were a new and different experience for many of you. They were for me too! But as someone once said "You either like them or you don't."

I would like to thank Miss Saunders for her help and advice and also all the girls on the S.C.M. who did so much throughout the year.

## GRACE CHAPEL CHOIR

Mary McWhir

The choir this year has provided a tremendous challenge for Dr. Osborne. It all began with "O Worship The King", a piece which required both talent and persistence. However, once we had overcome this initial obstacle and had felt the satisfaction of a job well done, about five Sundays in a row, we went on to produce many different and various selections.

We had many practices immediately after supper in the concert hall, during which we sang a little between jokes.

We also taped some of our pieces this year.

We are all grateful to Dr. Osborne for his leadership; choir has meant a lot of work, but it has also been a lot of fun.

## LITERARY SECTION

### FOR THOSE WHO UNDERSTAND MY SHORTAGE OF TIME

Joy McCombe

May I, friend,  
Just for tonight,  
Borrow your trusty  
But dull flashlight?

You know,  
The one with the pumpkin head  
That isn't white,  
But shines orange instead?

There's fifteen points  
I've got to get;  
And you know a deadline  
I've always met.

And the way I read,  
And with my speed,  
A little extra time  
Is what I need.

So after darkness,  
And silence bell,  
I'll read 'neath the blankets  
I love so well.

## MORE ABOUT GRAPEFRUIT

Joy McCombe

Whether people in the world know it or not, the most dangerous weapon on earth is the grapefruit. I have caught myself more than once gawking at this over-grown lemon and being hit with the fact that I have been blinded by a gusher of sour juice, usually first thing in the morning. Furthermore it is annoying and you are in a bad mood the rest of the day.

I think this **sallow little ball** is sabotage from the West Indies. The people **down there** just want to take over. So what do they do? The easiest thing on earth. **They sabotage in import.** How many times have you been squirted in the eye by a grapefruit, or choked on one of the seeds?

I can imagine what it would be like if a World War should break out. Here are some examples of what the tortures might be: being forced to eat sugarless grapefruit; being put in a grapefruit gas chamber; having cold grapefruit juice squirted at you after being dragged out of bed at five in the morning; or being pelted by raw grapefruit rind. For ammunition, cannon equipped to fire grapefruits would be built or rapid fire grapefruit seed machine guns.

With every war you have to have agents. Their agent, SS7 (SS standing for Sour Seed), would have a revolver shooting grapefruit seeds or a pen containing the original tear gas = a fine mist of grapefruit juice. His hand grenade would be a small unripe grapefruit made so that when the stem was removed and the grapefruit thrown it would squirt everything in sight. Better yet it should contain concentrated acid that would set everything on fire as soon as it touched the ground. And of course with every secret agent must come a pretty girl. She'll wear the exotic perfume Au de Grapefruit drink Grapefruit Vodka and get her kicks from smoking the leaves of the grapefruit tree.

The only way to prevent war is to beat the grapefruit. A few rules when eating grapefruit (if you must eat grapefruit) are: to keep your distance, keep your eyes closed and have plenty of sugar on hand. To keep your distance is obvious and you need only to keep your eyes closed if the thing persists to squirt farther. If it turns sour, pour on lots of sugar and kill the acids. If it continues to fight, open a garbage bag and throw it in. If it leaks, please destroy.

#### MORE ABOUT GRAPEFRUIT

Catharine McRae

If the grapefruit ruled supreme among the fruits instead of the apple think of the changes in history.

If the tree of Knowledge in the Garden of Eden had been a grapefruit tree we would still be without a grain of sense. Would Juno, Minerva and Venus have quarrelled over a golden grapefruit? Hardly.

Isaac Newton wouldn't have discovered the Law of Gravity. Who would sleep under a grapefruit tree? In the story of William Tell; would any loving Father make his son carry a grapefruit around on his head? If it was Johnny Grapefruitseed instead of Johnny Appleseed would he be considered a pioneer hero or a lunatic? The hillbillies in Kentucky and Tennessee would be gentlemen if all they had to drink was grapefruit cider.

Personally, does the idea of climbing a grapefruit tree to get the juiciest grapefruit really appeal to you? Would you go to "push" for a grapefruit?

Next time you eat an apple be glad that it was made before the grapefruit.

#### THE LOON

Catharine McRae

Like a boat tossed by the seas  
She fights to live.  
She never complains.  
Only her lonely love call  
That echoes across the lake  
Tells me of her black despair.

I think it's time the world is told what really happens when you get your hair cut. The whole story should be reported to the United Nations, the CIA and the FBI. The unsuspecting client, you, walks into a beauty salon expecting to emerge looking lovely but this is what they do to you.

Your hair is shampooed with a solution that removes all natural oil, lustre, and beauty and leaves wires that sound waves. The creme rinse is mild sulphuric acid dyed pink. The water is commonly referred to in scientific circles as  $H_2O$ , but only in whispers, so that China won't learn about our newest weapon.

Combing hair seems innocent but attached to every tooth of the comb is power that works into your head, enters the brain, and turns you into an idiot. The styler really means to arrange your hair so that there is a style that identifies you so that their agents will know you have been brainwashed.

The curlers, bobby pins, picks and the hair net are all part of a two-way radio system. The enemy gives you your instructions while you're slowly being brain-heated under the dryer. When you come out from under the dryer they comb you out and fix your hair because they have to hide the fact they have been brainwashing people again. When they spray your hair this is protection, it prevents any knowledge of what has happened to escape.

So the next time you go to have your hair cut make sure that you aren't turned into an enemy agent.

I CRY BUT!

Peggy Allen

I sit by the window and I watch  
the people come and go.  
I see them hustle to and fro  
to reach their destinations.  
Stop! I cry, and see the world  
before you hurry by,  
Observe nature's glorious creations,  
See the animals and birds before  
you hurry on,  
Do not rush so, work is not  
everything you know!  
Sharpen your senses, see the  
crisp snow, hear the jay's call.  
Take time in your day to observe  
All that goes on around you.  
I cry out, but they don't listen,  
I wave, but they don't answer.  
They only bustle by unaware that  
I am watching,  
Unaware that I hope they'll  
awaken to the magic that surrounds them.



The foxes run wild, and the  
jay bird screams,  
Fish slide and slither in  
glittering streams.  
Squirrels all plumed and flowers  
all bloomed are signs of  
glorious spring.

The cock crows at the break  
of dawn,  
Weary farmers rise and yawn,  
Sun is coming, dew is going,  
And the fresh stream's overflowing.

Where are the boxes? Where are  
the jays?  
Summer's gone, now autumn  
days.  
Trees are crimson, grass is brown,  
Soon the snow will tumble  
down.  
Covering grass, green forest and  
dale.  
With a blanketing silvery veil.

"THIS IS A WORLD IN WHICH ONLY THE SWORD MATTERS--"

After the downfall of the Roman Empire the Saxons descended on Great Britain, raiding and killing. The battles that took place claimed the lives of many English people, sent many into slavery and left the land devastated. Saxon raids were a constant threat. Every man was on guard to protect his family from the barbaric invaders. To fight and protect his loved ones he needed a sword, this was considered his most valued possession. Despite this many people lost everything. Revenge was the only thing they lived for. Their swords were the only means by which they could gain satisfaction.

War was a common occurrence and it was on everyone's mind. Every able-bodied man took up his sword to help fight and every boy anticipated the day when he too would be allowed to go to war.

The sword was essential to overcome the Saxons and eventually bring peace, law and order back into English life.

These were all sound reasons for justification of the statement "This is a world in which only the sword matters...." The sword, however, was not the only object of importance, for without learning and education the English civilization was in danger of becoming as ruthless barbaric as their enemies. The sword was important but knowledge was one of the important keys necessary to expand the mind to outwit the enemy. Many people had justification for bitterness but none to say that the sword alone was the only thing that mattered!

This saying would nothold true today because knowledge and learning are considered more important than weapons for they are the keys to a successful future. Through education scientists learn the basics of science so that they can experiment and discover cures for diseases and new substances to better the conditions of mankind. Doctors learn the skill to operate on people who are sick and cure them. Through education and training we get skilled labour. These all being more important than the sword in our society.

The sword for protection is important in any society but it is not the centre point around which the society should evolve.

Peggy Allen

#### I HAD A TINY CAT

Sonja Oset

I had a tiny cat,  
Not very long ago,  
With tiny paws and silver fur  
That very often glowed.  
Now still I feel her fur  
So soft against my cheek,  
Now still I hear her mew, her pitter patter feet  
And too I see her nibble gently at my toe -  
I had a tiny cat once,  
Not very long ago!

#### HE IS DEAD

He is dead,  
That is how it should be said.  
Not he has departed or terms of the like.  
Why disguise what we cannot fight?

He is dead,  
He is not just away, nor has he gone  
to join his forefathers.

He is dead, laid in the cold wet ground, to rot, and  
decay and never be found.

It's no use now, to lift his head,  
Because to me just the same, to me he is dead!

Poe was eight months old. He lived with Dusty and Penny Thompson who had found him among three dead sisters. They brought him up, trying to teach him everything his dead parents would have done. Poe had been very close to Penny and Dusty but the leaves were turning colour now. Something in the back of his mind told Poe that, if he was to survive he must fly south.

Poe took to the air. He circled the tiny farm for one last, longing look at it and then flew on.

It was early in the morning and the mist was just disappearing. Over to the right was a large flock of crows. Poe flew over and joined them. At first he flew on the outside of the group and then later, he joined in.

They flew for ever so long. The sun was sinking quite low in the sky when there was a deafening noise. The bird next to Poe fell to the ground. Then three more booms. Something hot had stung Poe's left wing but he kept on flying.

At dusk the birds fluttered to the ground. Poe examined his bloodstained wing. The bone was cracked. He could still fly but not for very long.

The sun was beginning to light the sky. Poe began flying southward again. His wing ached for hours but he flew on. Poe did not know why a small group of birds stopped but he went on. It was much warmer now. Poe was becoming winded and he fell behind. Finally he could go no further so he landed in a green meadow just outside of a small town.

A brook ran through the meadow. Poe hopped slowly over to it and took the first drink he had had in two days. Looking about he saw a large maple tree near the stream. He decided this was to be his home until spring.

Waking from a long sleep Poe was ravenous. He flew over to a nearby wheat field and gorged himself. Feeling much better now Poe went back to the stream.

Poe had hurt himself before but Dusty or Penny had always nursed him. Now he must help himself. He bathed the wounded wing until there was no blood left on it and then he massaged it with his beak.

Finding a mate is not easy for people let alone birds but Poe set out to do just that. He was not at all experienced in this art. In fact he did not know the first thing about it. He flew about for hours but saw no trace of a female crow. Instead of flying straight back to his nest Poe went to the wheat field for a light meal. Glancing down he saw a small crow, not much younger than he, sitting on a stone fence. "This would make a perfect mate," thought both birds at the same time, and they flew to meet each other.

Janta, Poe's little mate was now sitting eggs and Poe had to bring her food as well as feed himself. He thought himself hard done by until the eggs hatched and he had to help Janta feed four noisy chicks. He felt worse.

Janta pushed the four little birds out of the nest for their first flight. The three bigger birds flew but the smallest for some unknown reason, fell to the ground. It lay there in a lifeless heap, never to sing again.

Spring had come. The flight home was long and the young birds were not very strong. Poe flew at the front, the three young birds behind him and Janta brought up the rear. The smallest kept lagging but Janta hurried him up with a swift beating of her wing.

There was the tiny farm, just as Poe had left it. He landed his family proudly in the front yard. Poe heard Penny and Dusty come around the corner. Penny was about to shoo the pesty crows away when Dusty said, "Penny, it's Poe! He's come back to us with a family."

## AN UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

Barbara Beach

Commonness of face was his guise but I suppose one only meets his type once in a lifetime. He was tall, so tall he could reach the best apples in the crabapple tree without having to climb it. His broad shoulders dwarfed his head and the tipping muscles on his chest and back mirrored the many hours he had piggy-backed me round and round the yard. The kindness in his eyes, the compassion in his heart for all living creatures were his greatest virtues.

He had always been my friend and will represent the glory and wonder of my childhood. I remember once his huge hands had pulled me from the creek as I was going down for the last time. He wasn't even angry with me; instead, big tears tolled down his cheeks and he held me so tightly I thought I would die.

The night my mother died he ran twelve miles to get the doctor, only to find it was in vain. They say men should never cry but he did and he was probably the biggest man in the world.

There were better times though. We used to sneak out early in the morning when the air was so fresh that he'd say it was the Lord's breath itself. Then we'd fish all day long at the creek and he'd tell me the stories his mother had told him and some he had made up himself.

So passed my childhood and I grew older and as time passed I left the country and came to the city. In the lights and noise I made my fortune. I gave little thought to back home until yesterday when I saw him again.

He was very old, the most tired-looking man I'd ever seen. He looked at me with tears in his eyes, his big heart bursting with joy. I walked by for we don't speak to negroes.

## I TRIED TO HELP

It lay there,  
Torn, crumpled, almost dead.  
It had been stepped on.  
I bent down to pick it up, to help it,  
And someone stepped on me.



TO O.L.C.

Dee MacBrien

To friends I've made, to people I have met.  
To books I've read that otherwise would not.  
To weight, and food and meals that I have let  
Go by. To somehow always getting caught  
At the little things, like using flashlight power  
Or going off-bounds and coming back  
                    too late.  
Or keeping diaries that mark the hour  
And learning they are read - this school is  
                    great.

I cannot state in words what this place  
                    means.  
A hundred girls, a hundred different  
                    things.  
A hundred hopes, a hundred shaping  
                    dreams.  
A hundred smiles, a hundred bright  
                    school rings.  
A hundred 'plaints by June when  
                    you get out  
A hundred things to reminisce about.

MAN'S DESTRUCTION

Barbara Beach

The valley lay all alone, like a babe in a manger  
Away from people, away from danger,  
Mother Nature had made it with her own special care,  
Making not an error, not anywhere.  
The trees stood majestically under the sun,  
Under which Mother Nature a green carpet had spun,  
And on this carpet roam the fox and the moose,  
The bear and the skunk, the quail and the goose.  
The beaver and the otter live under the lake,  
With the frogs, the fish, the beetles and the snake.  
These animals lived in this land so free,  
With never trouble or enemy.  
But one day a man came and beheld this sight,  
He went back and told of the valley that night,  
The next day many men came with tools in arms,  
They built schools and houses, and stables and barns.  
The valley was no longer like a babe in a manger,  
Because of the foolishness of an unknown stranger.  
The trees were cut down; the lake, it was drained,  
The beautiful valley would never be the same.

Too abruptly did the building  
Rise against the street,  
But offering a lame excuse  
For dignity, a fence  
Imposingly stood guard around  
A mockery of green.  
The door, inscribed with chipped-gold paint  
Gaped wide for any breeze,  
Where dirty, bare-foot children fought  
On hot, grey concrete stairs,  
While up the dim, protesting stairs  
A dark-eyed mother swept  
The red-painted, splinter-cruel,  
Living-room floor.

## A POEM

He was a little man,  
Who talked of things  
I'd never thought about.  
And, as he told me what he knew,  
He would stop, play for a while,  
Then continue on once more.  
But I learned more from him,  
And he was only four.

## THE LUSH

Barbara Beach

He walks through the streets at four in the morning,  
Stumbling and laughing and singing his warning  
To all that should get in his way.

He is ready to laugh and ready for crying,  
He is ready to fight and ready for dying:  
These are the thoughts of the lush.

He looks for someone to comfort and nurse him,  
But is ready to kill those who would curse him,  
And put them away in their graves.

He smiles and remembers his happier days;  
While in the cold gutter is where he stays.  
He wishes that he could reform.

But destined in his quicksand to be sunk,  
Ever more dazed, comfortably drunk,  
In his own little world of alcohol.

## I AM JUST A CHILD

Barbara Beach

Once I had a little doll,  
Today she's lost an eye,  
And I sit and gaze at her at night,  
And I begin to cry.

I cry for all the sadness  
In the world of present man:  
For the communists in China  
And the war in Viet Nam.

But when I try to speak of these  
To those who run the world,  
They tell me not to bother them,  
They've no time for little girls.

For I am just a child  
And cannot realize  
That happiness is something earned,  
But I know they tell me lies;

For while they work for happiness  
And what they term as peace,  
A million men are dying  
But neither side will cease.

And so man will continue  
Until eternity,  
And he will kill and plunder,  
In the name of unity.

And I shall return to my hideaway  
And again begin to cry  
For, my tattered little doll  
Has lost her other eye.

## MY BROTHER

Tall and handsome,  
Full of fun,  
Together we would sometimes run.

Until that day he didn't come  
Because someone took a gun,  
And shot my brother.

## HER LAST SWIM

Sue Straiton

Mountainous waves,  
A deep, blue-green  
Break on the beach  
A faint weak scream!

The undertow pulled  
It took her out;  
Under and down  
To hear not her shout!

It brought her home  
A thundering roar  
Dashed her back there  
Upon the shore!

No one goes near  
So there she lies  
Buried in sand  
Never to rise.

Not a soul seemed to care  
She never belonged  
She stayed by herself  
She did no wrong.

She lived a short life  
A sorrowful one  
Her one love was gone -  
She took that last plunge.

## IT HAPPENED

Judith Donnelly

This day was the unfolding,  
The beginning of my life to be.  
Snowflakes whisked in circles,  
As the breeze escorted them round.  
Everything was re-shaped,  
Memories of the summer were padded.  
Strange, now I had the strength to go on.  
I would surely break the ice.  
I know, that snow is a true beauty.



## DEPRESSION

Lindsey Mitchell

The burning flame of depression  
Bitterly scorches through my heart and mind,  
Seeping slowly, groping for my mind,  
Just waiting,  
To trust my mind to harsh reality  
Then the horrible loneliness  
The gushing tears,  
Relief.  
Then the cutting quietude.

I know not where to turn;  
People look, seem not to care  
Yet I call them friends,  
Now it seems only a word meaning nothing,  
Except the hurt of their disdain.  
Are they so blind they  
Cannot see the ripping agony,  
The clutch for sanity?

Time, the endless eternity brings  
Silence.  
Then the claws slowly unclutch  
Bringing the gratifying death of depression.

## CRACKING UNDER THE STRAIN

Linda Honer

I returned from the mid-winter holidays eager and fresh. To pass my year I knew I would have to work - and work hard. This thought was made less terrifying only by the consolation that the final examinations were not obligatory and that if I obtained a mark of over sixty and kept up my work the pressure would be off and I might be exempted.

Unfortunately in spring a girl's fancy turns to thoughts not of studying but of amorous inclination. I cannot study diligently when the birds sing, a soft warm breeze blows, the sun warms the earth or even when the grass is greening. Nature has hold of something within us and she flaunts herself before us, cruelly tempting us to lose ourselves and cares. I submit myself. Willingly and joyfully I surrender. The books lay strewn on the table; the essays in French and English are put aside; the French story is forgotten in my haste to be rid of them.

Nevertheless, when I return to my books, the assignments loom threateningly before me still. Escape is only temporary. Nature's soothing powers that encourage my heart to bubble over in immeasurable energy flee and I resign myself to my bookish fates. Alas 'tis a sad, sad world we live in when duties and obligations control our lives and we cannot enjoy the simplest pleasure.

1. O.

L.

C.

A.

B.

C.

bells ringing -  
     housemothers,  
     prefects  
     room-mates  
 water running -  
     toilets,  
     tubs  
     sinks  
 It's day!

torn sheets;  
     cold feet;  
     no heat;  
 It's night!

3. Over nights;  
     Special rights;  
 Yes!  
     No!  
         Can't go!  
 rules -  
     fools -  
 do!  
     don't!  
 happy -  
     sad-  
 Whööpy Fizz!  
         I'm glad.

2. O.

L.

C.

C.

D.

E.

phone call -  
     boyfriends,  
     talkings,  
     funnies.  
 not all -  
     apples,  
     shows,  
     weekends.  
 All gay!

First Day  
     May Day;  
     Class Day;  
 All right!

## WHY DON'T?

Janet Smith

Commercials play a vast and meaningful role in the lives of today's people. We, as the listening and often gullible public, fail, generally to perceive to what extent these commercials affect us: our actions; impulses; ideas and emotions. We often underestimate too the number of times the simple, but over-used, word "don't" appears in the script and its efficacy.

Roughly speaking as I would see it, close to 85% of Canada's citizens either listen to the radio or watch the television about 2 - 3 hours per day. Now, when you stop and estimate the number of commercials in this period, probably about 18 or so, and the number of instances when "don't" appeared I'm sure the figure would astound you. Even more amazing would no doubt be the degree to which you are swayed by the violent forceful power-packed, ever-ready, "DON'T."

Script writers are highly aware of the psychological effects of such a word and the various manner in which it can be pronounced. Voices tend, though, to use it to its full extent, or rather use their voices to their full extent and "don't" emerges as a thunderous, obstreperous sound to say the least. These writers are prone to use it so, in order to achieve successfully the desired result.

In the following familiar commercials, you will readily notice the occurrence of a certain word and a verbal observation of our after actions.

"Stop lady, don't do it. Cream hair away the beautiful way with Neet, N-E-E-T, Neet!"

As most women anywhere tend to want to look lovely and appealing to men, they are suddenly inspired and urged by this "neat" commercial with the idea that Neet could help them. After using it that very day, by the time hubby comes home, their legs are already a mass of dry, flakey fish scales.

"Don't let them say that you've got 'jungle mouth' use Lavis."

We often are conscious of our breath and worried that it is bad, but when we hear such an effective term as "jungle mouth" it drives us to the Drug Store and straight to a bottle of Lavis. However upon mistaking it for cream soda pop the druggist has to set us straight.

"Don't let your housemother catch you with your light on again. Get an ever-ready flashlight. It works every time."

There's no way for you losing any more house points, so you must get a flashlight. No more of the housemother getting satisfaction from flying in on you with your light on. Fool her, of course with a little light that fits right under the covers. Nothing could be more tempting to anyone in a boarding school.

## WHAT I BELIEVE

Susan Davidson

The person who sees both sides of an issue is very likely on the fence - but I believe that more often he is up a tree. This is my present position. But hark! Have no pity on me! The view up here is fantastic!

I could begin by saying that to believe with certainty we must begin by doubting. I always have. I have doubted the Bible and any supernatural power and I have doubted evolution. I shall tell you first what I think about religion.

Religion is a force to bind different people and race together into a common purpose - eventual eternal life. My stand here is that one believes easily what he hopes for earnestly. To me the thought of an eternal life only consoles for the shortness of life. Perhaps my problem is that I find it hard to believe that which I cannot understand - or should I say "grasp". The idea of a heaven with angels in an age of industry with smog is mystifying and totally incomprehensible to me. My God is called Hope. You should meet him. His motto is that a misty morning does not signify a cloudy day. We believe that of all the forces that make for a better world, none is so indispensable, none so powerful, as hope. Without hope men are only half alive. With hope they dream, and think and work. Let there be no ambiguity here. We hope for Peace, Happiness, Love and Inspiration, not hope of more money and therefore more glory. I think personally that positions in society and money have attained too much importance - money has become man's obsession.

But here lies a hole in my argument! I stated that I hoped for Inspiration. But Newton, Pascal, Racine, Bossuet, Fenelon, that is to say some of the most inspired and enlightened men on earth, in the most philosophical of all ages, have been believers in Jesus Christ. Not only that, but the following statement ruins me: "There are three means of believing; by reason, by custom, and by inspiration. Christianity admits none who do not believe through inspiration." Well now, I apologize. I have chased my tail through three hundred and sixty degrees to my original position. I'll attempt to chase it in the other direction - evolution.

Evolution makes me smile. I feel as though science handed me a little package for my birthday, gloriously wrapped and tied with a big pink bow. Then all I had to do was exert enough pressure to untie the bow, remove the wrapping, and find Evolution inside. It explains the whole business. You don't need to look any further because it is all there. Just disregard the Bible as a Book of Fables and keep up to date on all the facts of Evolution. But this seems to be the easy way out. Something inside me won't permit this attitude. Life must have some meaning. Biology defines life as "the metabolic activity of protoplasm". There are times when it seems even worse than that! But there must be a solution. I think there is, because after two centuries of struggling, neither science nor faith has succeeded in discrediting its adversary. On the contrary, it becomes obvious that neither can develop normally without the other, and the reason is this - the same life gives spirit to both. Science, in all its achievements, cannot go to its limits without being shocked with mysticism and charged with faith. I am simply saying that all one has to do is admire Nature, and one is worshipping God.

## "PHONEY" BUSINESS

Elsie Hofstetter

The story of the diminishing respect for the telephone is a very sad one. People just don't have the high regard for phones anymore, because life just isn't what it used to be.



This little box of mechanical genius has lost the affection of the people, of great grandpappy's day, who depended so much on it as a means of correspondence. People used to say a silent prayer for the old inventor Alex Bell, whenever they lifted the ingenious little bell-shaped mouthpiece. Then they would crank the arm and put in their call through the little old lady at the switchboard. Sometimes her name might be Mabel or Flossy and she would have had curly grey-white hair and tiny little round spectacles and she could talk a mile a minute, and recite without interruption all the latest gossip from one end of the town to the other. Then the caller would at last hear the melodic voice of his dear friend and while exchanging news he would wipe away the dust, from the little varnished wood box, with big wet tears of utter happiness. Oh it was all so romantic.... in the past. Such a little box could bring a friend so near. It was truly an incredible invention.

But, I realize sadly that the telephone has lost its quaintness. They took that little machine and squeezed it into a little plastic box with printed numbers on it and holes punched in it. Then they attached more wires to it and attached the wire ends to big telephone poles outside and tangled them up with everybody else's telephone wires to make it look very commonplace.

This piece of valuable equipment has become a "taken for granted" piece of furniture, to be lost among countless other pieces of furniture. With little thought having been given to its past heritage, it has been painted and now comes in various colours which are designed to contribute to the decor of the room. Colours such as candy-apple red, rosebud pink, pea green, ivory white, and black, are so humiliating after its beautiful brown varnished wood. To top it all we do not feel honoured having just one of these ancient marvels in our house, but we have one in almost every room. In each room they are subjected to a different injustice and mutilation. In the kitchen it is subjected to conveying the latest housewives gossip and quarrelling and you never can tell when the phone will slip and fall into the bowl of cake batter, In the playroom there is the threat of mutilation by children's clambering and sticky fingers, and it is almost impossible to decipher the language of a little girl or boy while he is slurping on candy. And in the bathroom! What phone should be condemned to life in a hot steamy bathroom? It really is a pity!

It is too bad that due consideration isn't given to this marvellous little creation but then what would we ever do without a telephone?

TORONTO

Eileen Malabre

Unable to grasp the undercurrent of life in her veins; I always thought Toronto, the grey city, seemed sterile.

It contrasted so radically with what I was used to and loved. Instead of the shanty stores bustling with natives guffawing and heckling - affably cursing each other - smelling - rose the hostile sky scraper, the carpeted floors, the silent people looking impersonally for what they could quickly buy.

Today, as I walked along St. George I forgot her indifference and felt an incipient love for this city monster. I assumed its wavelength.

The teasing bitter wind played with my eyes - inciting tears - it claimed my fingers slowly in its antagonizing grasp. The challenge invigorated me, provoking a sense of awareness. I watched the people... they rushed by, their faces illuminated by a smile playing on their lips in answer to a well hidden thought. The sound of sighing street cars emptying streams of bundled people, the faint odour of gasoline, the remote smell of food cooking somewhere, the sound of music seemed to be in the air - Toronto was forcing her senses upon me.

I waited huddled among the group for the the light to change - the elderly lady in front of me smelled vaguely of 4711 - in unison with the flashing light we moved - an imperfect mechanism.

I gently submitted to Toronto's charms - aloof, introverted and strangely appealing. I accepted her.

## THE RAIN

Eileen Malabre

The force of the storm was unmerciful; unending torrents of rain leaped off the already swamped patio, to resume their dive to the earth below. Uncaringly, forming networks of neurotic channels they plowed into well kept flower beds - disrespectful of labour spent.

The tin roof vibrated and protestingly echoed the song of the pellet-like drops, which drowned any attempted conversation; flashes of lightning and the ominous booming of thunder swept through the trembling house - challenging defiance to the loud silence - slowly an enveloping grey glum descended and the sun became a memory as the equatorial Rain God claimed superiority.

In talkative silence we lay on the cushioned floor, sipping our warm tea, secure in our comfort, as we watched nature's concerted display of power, and savoured the vital smell of the jungle magnified by the life-giving rain.

I could not accept that he was deserting this for the smog of London. This was our home; it had shared the secrets of our childhood and adolescence. And now, in the face of maturity it's sanctity was to be violated, its memories nostalgically stored, for we had to find our own independence.

He, as the rain, had become an element essential to the love I felt for this land, and the thought of his leaving was as the parching drought to the vibrant jungle we both loved.

A brilliant flash of lightning closer than ever before returned me to reality, and the groan of the old mahogany tree, fallen victim to nature's distemper, wailed her death before us.

Disregarding the now hostile rain we stood on the veranda. Knowingly, he took my hand in his as we watched our old playmate surrender to the greedy flames - sanctioning his departure.

## AN ELEGY TO PINEAPPLE CREEK

Eileen Malabre

The memory of my multifoliate mansion  
provokes me in this Kingdom of unfeeling ice.  
With unfulfilled expectation -  
I remember the jocose  
creek, roughly caressing its sandy fringes -  
The regal mahogany log - my chesterfield -  
stretching across the fast flowing carpet  
permitting a dangle-foot game in the  
refreshing water.  
The walls - constructed with graceful branches  
and interwoven vines,  
rise gently in their emerald green expanse  
to the blue unclouded sky.  
Dark blue  
pale  
purple orchids and  
cooling ferns  
adorn my esoteric retreat with a  
sophisticated aura of peace.  
Splendid red  
blue black  
white green  
splashes  
form a transitory decor,  
as birds providing the sweet jungle song  
of freedom  
pay their respects.

## EDUCATION

Mary McWhir

People who care, will be educated whether they want to be or not, because education isn't a vast vocabulary, a mark in school, or even a university degree. Certainly these things indicate knowledge, but knowledge isn't wisdom, and without wisdom, we have missed the real meaning of an education.

I think that as students the desire to learn is important. Few of us really care about learning for the pure sake of learning, and thus we don't. School should merely spark off ambition and an undying interest and eagerness. For far too many people, school is the beginning and end of education.

This applies to "knowledge education", and this is only part of it. As an educated man once said "Hope you have the wisdom to know the difference." At the risk of appreciating him, isn't this really what education is concerned with? In life we have to make decisions, we have to care, we must have the wisdom to know the difference between yes and no, and right and wrong. Such a wisdom is acquired by reading, by living, and most of all by caring about people.

Certainly we must respect ourselves, before we can make choices and decisions, and this is another aspect of education. Are we worthy of our own respect?

Society often mistakes marks for education. I don't feel that education necessarily means good marks. It seems more likely to me that the person should be judged as educated or uneducated, rather than for his achievements, because achievements really aren't all that education implies.

Education is a frame of mind, an eagerness, a sensitivity, and above all, a wisdom to choose.

I want to write a poem for you  
But the words won't come.  
And I want to paint a portrait too,  
But the paints just run.

I want to sleep in peace at night  
But your face appears,  
So I turn to the pen that will not write,  
And the brush that marks in smears.

- Dee MacBrien





## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Debbie Landy

Carter, Farewell, Maxwell, Hare! Who will be our winner this year? Each year the A.A. tries to instil a sense of enthusiasm and loyalty into the girls so that they will actively support their house in all activities.

The Volleyball and Basketball games this year were well played and the spirit and co-operation were very high. The girls have been eager to make sure that their house comes out on the top at the end of the year.

**The Swim Meet** Under the direction of Marg Reid was a "splashing" success. Hare House surprised us all when it came bubbling to the top.

The Winter Carnival was also a great success. Hare conquered again! All the houses showed great spirit and each built a beautiful snowman.

We are all looking forward to the Formal on March 2, the theme of which will be "Up, Up and Away."

This year May Day might be a little different from that of former years but it will probably be as exciting and as much fun as ever.

In closing I, along with all the girls, would like to thank Mrs. Hallpike very much for her never-ending efforts. Many thanks also to the housecaptains whose leadership has helped to maintain the school spirit.

# VOLLEYBALL

## CARTER JUNIOR



## CARTER SENIOR



## FAREWELL JUNIOR



## FAREWELL SENIOR





HARE JUNIOR



HARE SENIOR





MAXWELL JUNIOR



MAXWELL SENIOR



## BASKETBALL

### CARTER JUNIOR



### CARTER SENIOR



## FAREWELL JUNIOR





HARE JUNIOR



HARE SENIOR





MAXWELL JUNIOR



MAXWELL SENIOR



## GRADE NINE VOLLEYBALL TEAM



## SWIMMING INSTRUCTORS



## GYM CLUB



This year's gym club was a fabulous success. Each week there was a bevy of eager gymnasts willing to do a little work for their muscles. Some even went so far as to keep coming back for more, despite the perpetual pains and aches.

The hours of practicing passed quickly and now, to the utter delight of Mrs. Hallpike, just about everyone can do a cartwheel for our May Day presentation. Mrs. Hallpike has also groomed a Gym Team which she feels should do very well at the March competition.

Our thanks to Mrs. Hallpike who has helped us so much all year, that we would all bend over backwards to please her.



## SCHOOL EVENTS

### ORIENTATION (new girl!)

Mary Ann McDougall  
Jane Allen

Chaos! Commotion! Conglomeration! Confusion! Would you believe it is the first day at OLC? Let's have a rapid review of that first hour.

Is that monstrosity the school?  
I can't get the front door open.  
Gee! Are those stairs ever steep!  
The floor creaks enough.  
I'll get lost in these halls for sure.  
Where are you from?  
My knees won't stop shaking.  
Why did you come to OLC?

The first hour is the longest but the next problem is your room-mate. What will she be like? You soon find that your worries were all in vain and your room-mate is not as you feared. She tells you about the surprise package planned for Sunday so it's with "anticipation" that you await the next day.

Sunday dawned clear and bright - a beautiful day for a walk but instead we had a surprise to look forward to. The surprise package contained a trip to the automotive museum in Oshawa but that's not all. At the very bottom there was something else. After we had toured the museum we "could" stroll down to the park. The museum was full of ancient cars. We all loved the old rumble seats. Most of us enjoyed the tour, but the stroll to the park was a different matter; every girl took an interest in the details about the walk and even the most bashful girls had a comment to make. Everyone was so wound up during that walk. We forgot we were homesick. That lovely stroll will go down in the history of OLC and whenever it's mentioned every girl on that walk will be eager to say "I was there."

### PICKERING DANCE

On Saturday night September 30 the Pickering College boys helped us to enjoy a lovely evening.

During the afternoon the gym was transformed with autumn leaves and many jack-o-lanterns on the tables.

Angela Swan chose the records for the novelty dances which helped us get acquainted. Records were given as prizes for a spot dance and an elimination dance.

Refreshments were served later in the evening and it was time for the boys to leave after a very "congenial" dance.



## FESTIVAL OF PLAYS

### CARTER HOUSE: "Orange Blossom"

This one-act comedy directed by Cathy O'Connor, deals with a wedding between a spoiled young girl, an unambitious but personable young man and features her overbearing mother, henpecked father and various amusing relatives.

Joy McCombe played the young bride, disdainful of her husband's ideas and ambitions. Margaret Coleman was her young man who at last stands on his feet and calls the tune before the wedding. Debby Landy played the overbearing mother given to histrionics and ridicule of others. Heather Baldwin acted as her thoroughly trampled husband who is ridiculed throughout. The two feuding old aunts were played by Margaret Godefroy who won for this the award given to the best supporting actress and by Janet Eligh who was the doddering Aunt Lola.

The players played their parts well and were very much in character. Costumes were appropriate to the setting.

For "Orange Blossom" Carter received:

Best supporting actress  
Second for setting and design  
Second best play.

### FAREWELL HOUSE: "Knife to Thy Throat"

Farewell House's play directed by Eileen Malabre, was an Elizabethan drama dealing with the intrigues against the English throne by the Earl of Essex, the Queen's lover, and the resultant conflicts in Elizabeth as a woman and as the queen of a great nation.

For her superlative portrayal of the splendid old queen, Eileen Malabre won the best actress award. Mary James was the noble but headstrong Earl of Essex who is at last condemned to die as Elizabeth's sense of duty overrides her personal feelings. Mary Ann Coleman was Lord Cecil, secretary and adviser to the Queen. Dee MacBrien portrayed well the part of Pipkin a ridiculous peasant who has been selling traitorous verses in the streets. Mary McWhir and Karen Richardson played the parts of a noble young couple awaiting the Queen's consent to their marriage.

The players all acted their parts well and the play was very interesting to watch.

For a "Knife to Thy Throat" Farewell received:

Best leading actress.

HARE HOUSE: "Sorry, Wrong Number!"

Hare's play was a thrilling murder mystery. A nervous hypochondriacal woman overhears a murder plot when she dials a wrong number. Confined to her bed, she tries to convince the telephone company and the police, then her husband who has mysteriously left town that someone is to be murdered. Rapidly she becomes more and more hysterical and the suspense builds until the woman is murdered in her bed.

Janie Allen who played the nervous and very frightened woman produced several very convincing screams.

The players all worked hard and put on a good show. The set and costuming were excellent and the lighting well handled.

For "Sorry, Wrong Number!" Hare received:

Best set and design.

#### Maxwell House Play: "TWO SIDES OF DARKNESS"

Maxwell's play, "Two Sides of Darkness", directed by Judith Carol Giesking was a philosophical play. It dealt with love and war in ancient Greece and in modern times, taking the view that neither had changed. This theme was very interesting to everyone present.

Lindsey Mitchell and Suzanne Boland portrayed very well the two women facing the eternal tragedy of war and separation. Mary Jo Schaus and Barb Beach played their respective lovers as they pondered ageless and unanswerable questions. The chorus was very impressive and the excellent lighting enhanced this very fine play for which Maxwell won the award for the best play and for which Judith won the best director's award.

#### THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

On a beautiful Saturday morning 42 of us set out for Stratford to see "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

We had a pleasant visit beforehand with the boys from Lakefield College and then trooped up to the "back" rows.

The members of the cast were skillful and amusing, with Tony Van Bridge as the enormous Sir John Falstaff, Alan Bates playing Frank Ford and Zoe Caldwell as Mrs. Ford.

We laughed and cried and streaked our make-up, generally enjoying the production very much.

#### RICHARD III

A hush fell upon the excited crowds as the lights dimmed. Nervous giggles followed from the back rows. A single spotlight beamed - behold: ALAN BATES. Mr. Bates and company gave a superlative performance of Richard III at Stratford. He enthralled most of his fans in the audience.

We were amused and sorry all at once for the hero Richard III. The costuming was gay and interesting and Bates' interpretation of Richard III was cleverly done. At the conclusion, we joined the house in a ten-minute standing ovation. We were so glad to have been able to see this outstanding performance.

#### UNITED NATIONS PROGRAMME

This year the S.C.M. under the direction of Mary McWhir, sponsored a United Nations Programme on Friday night, October 20th. The guest speaker was the most "charming" Jon McGee. (!!!)

Last summer when Jon was abroad, he visited Israel, also Italy and France.

With slides and tales of his experiences, Jon explained the differences between our culture and that of foreign countries. His slides were very beautiful; especially the shots of female friends and stray pictures of the O'Connor ladies.

Jon gave us a very interesting and well prepared evening and he certainly left a very fine impression at O.L.C.

#### COMMENCEMENT 1967

- Janet Smith.

Commencement 1967 held on October 23, was a very successful evening enjoyed by the many who came.

The platform party consisted of Miss Andrews, Dr. Osborne, Mr. Creighton, President of the Board of Directors, Mr. Wilson, Secretary of the Board and Rev. Smith who began the evening with the Invocation. The guest speaker for the evening was Mr. Chatterton, assistant to the Honourable W. G. Davis, Minister of Education. Following the presentation of diplomas, Mr. Chatterton gave a fine address to the graduates. He stressed the fact that we should all stay in school and work to our utmost ability (words of wisdom, often but never "too" often heard).

The Valedictory address was given by Leslie Swiggum. She began, "O was the best of times, it was the worst of times" and the quotes she used were well directed to aspects of life at O.L.C. which she had experienced; many of which the old girls and new alike found very humorous.

Doctor Osborne and Mr. Chatterton presented the prizes, medals, scholarships and bursaries and to close the evening everyone who could remember the words sang "Dear Old Trafalgar."

Refreshments were served in the dining room where graduates, teachers, students, parents and friends got together to reminisce.

T'was the second of December when all thro' the school,  
 Everyone was stirring and losing her cool;  
 The girls were all fixed up with the utmost of care,  
 In hopes that their dates soon would be there.  
 And she in her silver, and me in my gold,  
 Had just bumbled into the semi-formal.  
 Candy Cane Christmas was the name of the theme,  
 The evening started by a greeting from the Dean.  
 The room was all decked with red and white stripes,  
 And to our amazement - dimmed were the lights.  
 When at the front of the room there arose such a clatter,  
 We all moved closer to see what was the matter,  
 And all of a sudden we heard a sharp tune  
 Coz "The Sessions" music filled the room.  
 Halfway thro' the evening everything stopped,  
 The judges had picked the girls that were top.  
 Mary-Ann, Jane, and Mary Jo were the three,  
 Everyone knows why, cause everyone can see.  
 The dancing and fun went on till midnight,  
 Then we all sat down just to have a wee bite.  
 The time flew by quickly; it was then one o'clock,  
 We said our goodbyes, the doors were then locked.  
 We girls then flew to our rooms with heads light,  
 And all settled down after a really "boss" night.

## SWIM MEET

Marg Reid

Hare 182	Eileen Malabre
Farewell 178	Betty Ferguson
Carter 139	Jane Rowland
Maxwell 80	Lee Dane

What a wonderful way to spend a Friday night! The swim meet was a real splash. All the kids who participated enjoyed themselves immensely as did the spectators. Who is to say who suffered the most, the screaming audience or the competitors! It resulted in the team from Hare House as champions with Farewell, Carter and Maxwell following in this order. Eileen Malabre, the superior swimmer, won a record. Betty Ferguson came in second. Jane Rowland and Lee Dane tied for third.

Games are fun and fun is games! The water polo and pyjama race both illustrate this saying. Let's hope future swim meets are as good.



This year's formal was a great success thanks to the efforts of Debbie Landy and her faithful A.A. The theme of the dance submitted by an anonymous member of the student body was "Up, Up and Away." Balloons decorated the hall and the central theme was captured by the gay bright pink balloon basket (made of cut up cardboard boxes, thrown together by industrious students!) in the center of the dance floor.

The music was provided by the fantastic "Body and Soul" (an expensive but fun group from T.O.) and none of us will ever forget Jim, Lance or Chuck.

At 10 o'clock the "Queen of the World" was announced. Cathy O'Connor was Queen and Janet Marshall and Mary McWhir were her princesses. Dancing continued until midnight, at which time a delicious lunch was served. At 10 o'clock we girls were dur on our halls and our fond farewells were said.

## MAY DAY

Mary-Ann McDougall

May 18th is approaching and the excitement around OLC is at a feverish pitch. Every day is hectic, everyone trying to keep up with the pace of all the practices. Clubs at 3:30, hoops at 4:00, pyramids at 4:30, gymnastics at 5:00 and play practice at 5:30 are the announcements, and we've got them all memorized.

Only three girls miss the hustle and bustle of practices but they are busy with other preparations. Our May Queen, Marg Coleman, and her counsellors, Kathy Billingsley and Mary-Ann McDougall were chosen by the staff and students and we are all very proud of them.

But two people have migraine headaches. Debbie Landy is busy with every practice, worrying about the weather and a million different things. Mrs. Hallpike is frantically trying to keep pyramids up, hoops together, and to keep the weather nice.

We will all show our gratitude and thanks, and of course our talents on May 18th. It has been a lot of work but the final product will be fun.





